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THE  
G H O S T.  
B O O K III.

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[Price Two Shillings.]



THE O. O. E.

OF THE O. O. E.

[Facing Two Shilling]



THE  
G H O S T.

By C. CHURCHILL.

B O O K III.



L O N D O N:

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THE  
G H O S T.  
BOOK III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *Hufwife Morn*  
I With *Pearl* and *Linnen* hangs each thorn;  
When happy Bards, who can regale  
Their Muse with Country air and ale,  
Ramble afield, to Brooks and Bow'rs,  
To pick up *Sentiments* and *Flow'rs*;  
When Dogs and Squires from kennel fly,  
And Hogs and Farmers quit their sty;  
When *my Lord* rises to the Chace,  
And brawny Chaplain takes his place.

THESE Images, or bad or good,  
If they are rightly understood,

Q



*Sagacious* Readers must allow  
Proclaim us in the Country now.  
For Observations mostly rise  
From Objects just before our eyes,  
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit  
Can tell you where the piece was writ,  
Can point out, as he goes along,  
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong)  
Whether the warmth (for Bards, we know,  
At present never more than glow)  
Was in the Town or Country caught,  
By the peculiar turn of thought.

IT WAS THE HOUR—tho' Critics frown  
We now declare ourselves in Town,  
Nor will a moment's pause allow  
For finding when he came, or how.  
The Man who deals in humble Prose,  
Tied down by rule and method goes,  
But they who court the vig'rous Muse  
Their carriage have a right to chuse.  
Free as the Air, and unconfined,  
Swift as the motions of the Mind,



The PoET darts from place to place,  
And instant bounds o'er Time and Space.  
Nature (whilst blended fire and skill  
Inflame our passions to his will)  
Smiles at her violated Laws,  
And crowns his daring with applause.

SHOULD there be still some rigid few  
Who keep *propriety* in view,  
Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear  
This whirling passage thro' the Air,  
Free leave have such at home to sit,  
And write a *Regimen* for Wit :  
To clip our Pinions let them try,  
Not having heart themselves to fly.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when Devotees  
Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,  
When they with pray'rs the day begin  
To sanctify a Night of Sin ;  
When Rogues of Modesty, who roam  
Under the veil of Night, sneak home,  
That free from all restraint and awe,  
Just to the windward of the Law,



Let's modest Rogues their tricks may play  
And plunder in the face of day.

BUT hold—whilst thus we play the fool,  
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,  
Things of no consequence expressing,  
*Describing* now, and now *digressing*,  
To the discredit of our skill  
The main concern is standing still.

IN *Plays* indeed, when storms of rage  
Tempestuous in the Soul engage,  
Or when the Spirits weak and low,  
Are sunk in deep distress and woe,  
With strict Propriety we hear  
DESCRIPTION stealing on the ear,  
And put off feeling half an hour  
'To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;  
But in these *serious* works, design'd  
To mend the morals of Mankind,  
We must for ever be disgrac'd  
With ev'ry nicer son of Taste,  
If once, the Shadow to pursue,  
We let the Substance out of view.



*Our* means must uniformly tend  
 In due proportion to their end,  
 And ev'ry passage aptly join  
 To bring about the *one* design.  
 Our Friends themselves cannot admit  
 This rambling, wild, digressive Wit,  
 No—not those very Friends, who found  
 Their Credit on the self-same ground.

PEACE, my good grumbling Sir—for once,  
 Sunk in the solemn, formal Dunce,  
 This Coxcomb shall your fears beguile——  
 We will be dull—that you may smile.

COME METHOD, come in all thy pride,  
 DULLNESS and WHITEHEAD by thy side,  
 DULLNESS and METHOD still are one,  
 And WHITEHEAD is their darling Son.  
 Not HE, whose pen above controul  
 Struck terror to the guilty Soul,  
 Made Folly tremble thro' her state,  
 And Villains blush at being Great;  
 But HE, who in the Laureat Chair,  
 By Grace, not Merit planted there,

R



In aukward pomp is seen to fit,  
And by his *Patent* proves his Wit ;  
(For favours of the Great we know,  
Can Wit as well as rank bestow,  
And they who without one pretension,  
Can get for Fools a place or pension,  
Must able be suppos'd of course  
(If reason is allow'd due force)  
To give such qualities and grace,  
As may equip them for the place.)

BUT HE—who measures, as he goes,  
A mongril kind of tinkling prose,  
And is too frugal to dispense  
At once both Poetry and Sense,  
Who, from amidst his *slumb'ring* guards,  
Deals out a Charge to *Subject Bards*,  
Where Couplets after Couplets creep  
Propitious to the reign of sleep,  
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,  
And all his dictates pass for law,  
With BEAUX, who simper all around,  
And BELLES, who die in ev'ry sound.



(For in all things of this relation,  
Men mostly judge from *situation*,  
Nor in a thousand find we one,  
Who really weighs what's said or done.  
They deal out Censure, or give Credit,  
Merely from him who did or said it.)

BUT HE—who, *happily serene*,  
Means nothing, yet would seem to mean ;  
Who rules and cautions can dispense  
With all that humble insolence,  
Which Impudence in vain would teach,  
And none but *modest* men can reach ;  
Who adds to SENTIMENTS the grace  
Of always being out of place,  
And *drawls* out MORALS with an air  
A Gentleman would blush to wear ;  
Who on the *chastest*, *simplest* plan,  
As *Chaste* as *simple* as the Man,  
Without or *Character*, or *Plot*,  
NATURE unknown, and ART forgot,  
Can with much racking of the brains,  
And years consum'd in letter'd pains,



An heap of words together lay,  
 And smirking call the thing a Play;  
 Who, Champion sworn in Virtue's cause,  
 'Gainst Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,  
 But, to no part of *Prudence* stranger,  
 First blunts the point for fear of danger.  
 So Nurses sage, as Caution works,  
 When Children first use knives and forks,  
 For fear of mischief, it is known,  
 To others fingers, or their own,  
 To take the edge off wisely chuse,  
 Tho' the same stroke takes off the use.

THEE, WHITEHEAD, Thee I now invoke,  
 Sworn foe to Satyr's gen'rous stroke,  
 Which makes unwilling Conscience feel,  
 And wounds, but only wounds to heal.  
 Good-natur'd, easy Creature, mild,  
 And gentle as a new-born Child,  
 Thy *heart* would never once admit  
 E'en *wholesome* rigour to thy Wit,  
 Thy *head*, if Conscience should comply,  
 Its kind assistance would deny,



And lend thee neither force, nor art,  
 To drive it onward to the heart.  
 O may thy sacred pow'r controul  
 Each fiercer working of my soul,  
 Damp ev'ry spark of genuine fire,  
 And languors, like thine own, inspire,  
 Trite be each Thought, and ev'ry Line  
 As *Moral*, and as *Dull* as THINE.

Pois'd in mid-air — (it matters not  
 To ascertain the very spot,  
 Nor yet to give you a relation  
 How it eluded *Gravitation* ——)  
 Hung a *Watch-Tow'r* — by VULCAN plan'd  
 With such rare skill by JOVE's Command,  
 That ev'ry word, which whisper'd here  
 Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,  
 On the still bosom of the Air  
 Is borne, and heard distinctly there,  
 The Palace of an antient Dame,  
 Whom Men as well as Gods call FAME.

A *prattling Gossip*, on whose tongue  
 Proof of perpetual motion's hung,

S



Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,  
Like her own Trumpet made of brass,  
Who with an hundred pair of eyes  
The vain attacks of sleep defies,  
Who with an hundred pair of wings  
News from the farthest quarters brings,  
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,  
All that she knows, and ten times more.

Not all the Virtues, which we find  
Concenter'd in a HUNTER's mind,  
Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,  
If in one point she chance to fail;  
Or if, once in a thousand years,  
A perfect Character appears,  
Such as of late with joy and pride  
My Soul possess'd, e're A—— died,  
Or such as, Envy must allow,  
The World enjoys in H—— now,  
This Hag, who aims at all alike,  
At Virtues e'en like theirs will strike,  
And make faults, in the way of trade,  
When she can't find them ready made.



ALL things she takes in, small and great,  
 Talks of a *Toy-shop* and a *State*,  
 Of *Wits* and *Fools*, of *Saints* and *Kings*,  
 Of *Garters*, *Stars*, and *Leading-Strings*,  
 Of *Old Lords* *fumbling* for a *Clap*,  
 And *Young Ones* full of *Pray'r* and *Pap*,  
 Of *Courts*, of *Morals*, and *Tye-Wigs*,  
 Of *Bears*, and *Serjeants* dancing jigs,  
 Of *Grave Professors* at the *Bar*  
 Learning to *thrum* on the *Guittar*,  
 Whilst *Laws* are *slubber'd* o'er in haste,  
 And *Judgment* sacrific'd to *TASTE*,  
 Of *whited Sepulchres*, *Lawn Sleeves*,  
 And *GOD's house* made a *den of thieves*,  
 Of *Fun'ral poms*, where *Clamours* hung,  
 And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,  
 Whilst *SENSE* and *ORDER* blush'd to see  
*Nobles* without *HUMANITY*;  
 Of *Coronations*, where each heart  
 With honest raptures bore a part,  
 Of *City Feasts*, where *ELEGANCE*  
 Was proud her *Colours* to advance,  
 And *GLUTTONY*, uncommon case,  
 Could only get the second place,



Of *New-rai'd* Pillars in the State,  
Who must be good as being great,  
Of *Shoulders*, on which HONOURS fit  
Almost as clumsily as *Wit* ;  
Of *doughty Knights*, whom *titles* please,  
But not the payment of the *Fees*,  
Of *Lectures*, whither ev'ry Fool  
In *second child-hood* goes to school,  
Of *grey Beards* deaf to Reason's call,  
From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*,  
Whom youthful Appetites enslave,  
With one Foot fairly in the grave,  
By help of Crutch, a needful Brother,  
Learning of HART to dance with t'other,  
Of *Doctors regularly bred*  
To fill the mansions of the dead,  
Of *Quacks* (for Quacks they must be still  
Who save when FORMS require to kill)  
Who life, and health, and vigour give  
To HIM, not one would wish to live,  
Of *Artists*, who with noblest view  
Disinterested plans pursue,  
For trembling worth the ladder raise,  
And mark out the ascent to praise,



Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet  
*Sublime*, *Profound*, and *all compleat*,  
A SET (whom at some fitter time  
The MUSE shall *consecrate* in *Rhime*)  
Who *humble* ARTISTS to out do  
A far more *lib'ral* plan pursue,  
And let their *well-judg'd* PREMIUMS fall  
On Those, who have no worth at all,  
Of *Sign-Post Exhibitions*, rais'd  
For laughter, more than to be prais'd,  
(Tho' by the way we cannot see  
Why *Praise* and *Laughter* mayn't agree)  
Where *genuine* HUMOUR runs to waste,  
And justly chides our want of Taste,  
Censur'd, like other things, tho' good,  
Because they are not understood.

To higher subjects now SHE soars,  
And talks of *Politics* and *Whores*,  
(If to your nice and chaster ears  
That Term *indelicate* appears,  
SCRIPTURE *politely* shall refine,  
And melt It into *Concubine*)

T



In the same breath spreads BOURBON'S *league*,  
 And publishes the *Grand Intrigue*,  
 In BRUSSELS or *our own GAZETTE*,  
 Makes armies fight which never met,  
 And circulates the Pox or Plague  
 To LONDON, by the way of HAGUE,  
 For all the lies which there appear,  
 Stamp'd with *Authority* come here;  
 Borrows as freely from the gabble  
 Of some rude leader of a rabble,  
 Or from the *quaint* harangues of those  
 Who lead a Nation by the Nose,  
 As from those *storms* which, void of Art,  
 Burst from our *honest* PATRIOT'S heart,  
 When ELOQUENCE and VIRTUE (late  
 Remark'd to live in mutual hate)  
 Fond of each other's Friendship grown,  
 Claim ev'ry sentence for their own,  
 And with an equal joy recite  
*Parade Amours*, and *half-pay Fights*,  
 Perform'd by *Heroes* of *fair Weather*,  
 Merely by dint of *Lace* and *Feathers*,  
 As those rare acts, which HONOUR taught  
 Our daring Sons where GRANBY fought,



Or those which, with superior skill,  
 — — atchiev'd by *standing still*.

THIS HAG (the curious if they please  
 May search from earliest Times to these,  
 And POETS they will always see,  
 With *Gods* and *Goddesses* make free,  
 Treating them all, except the MUSE,  
 As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)  
 Who had beheld, from first to last,  
 How our TRIUMVIRATE had pass'd  
 Night's dreadful interval, and heard  
 With strict attention ev'ry word,  
 Soon as she saw return of light  
 On founding pinions took her flight.

SWIFT thro' the regions of the sky,  
 Above the reach of human eye,  
 Onward she drove the furious blast,  
 And rapid as a whirlwind past,  
 O'er *Countries*, once the seats of *Taste*,  
 By Time and Ignorance laid waste,  
 O'er lands, where former ages saw  
 Reason and Truth the only Law,



Where *Arts* and *Arms*, and *Public Love*  
In gen'rous emulation strove,  
Where *Kings* were proud of *legal* sway,  
And Subjects *happy* to obey,  
Tho' now in slav'ry sunk, and broke  
To *Superstition's* galling yoke,  
Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,  
Or *Freedom* which with *Science* fell.  
By Tyrants aw'd, who never find  
The Passage to their people's mind,  
To whom the joy was never known  
Of planting in the heart their throne,  
Far from all prospect of relief  
Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief,  
For loss of blessings *they* employ,  
Which *We* *unthankfully* enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)  
T'amaze the Readers with our skill,  
To pour out such a flood of knowledge  
As might suffice for a whole College,  
Whilst with a true Poetic force  
We trac'd the Goddess in her course,



*Sweetly* describing in our flight,  
Each *Common* and *Uncommon* Sight,  
Making our journal gay and pleasant,  
With things long past, and things now present.

*Rivers*—once NYMPHS—(a *Transformation*  
Is mighty pretty in Relation)  
From *great Authorities* we know  
Will matter for a *Tale* bestow.  
To make the observation clear  
We give our Friends an instance here.

THE DAY (that never is forgot)  
Was *very fine*, but *very hot* ;  
The NYMPH (another gen'ral rule)  
Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool ;  
Her *Hair* (we no exceptions find)  
*Wav'd careless floating in the wind* ;  
Her *heaving breasts*, like *Summer seas*,  
*Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze* ;  
Should *fond DESCRIPTION* tune our lays  
In *choicest* accents to her praise,  
*DESCRIPTION* we at last should find  
Baffled and weak would halt behind.

U



NATURE had form'd her to inspire  
 In ev'ry bosom soft desire,  
*Passions to raise she could not feel,*  
*Wounds to inflict she would not heal.*  
 A GÓD (his name is no great matter,  
 Perhaps a JOVE, perhaps a SATYR)  
 Raging with *Lust*, a GODLIKE flame,  
 By Chance, *as usual*, thither came:  
 With gloting eyes the Fair one view'd,  
 Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd ;  
*She* (for what other can she do)  
 Must fly — or how can He pursue ?  
 'The *Muse* (so Custom hath decreed)  
 Now proves her Spirit by her speed,  
 Nor must one *limping* line disgrace  
 The life and vigour of the Race.  
 SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length  
 Quite destitute of Breath and strength,  
 To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply  
 For help, when there's no other nigh)  
 She offers up her *Virgin* Pray'r,  
 (Can *Virgins* pray unpitied there)  
 And when the God thinks He has caught her,  
 Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,



Becomes a *Stream*, in which the PoET,  
If He has any Wit, may shew it.

A *City* once for Pow'r renown'd,  
Now levell'd even to the ground,  
Beyond all doubt is a direction  
To introduce some *fine* reflexion.

*Ah, woeful me ! Ah, woeful Man !*  
*Ah ! woeful All, do all we can !*  
Who can on earthly things depend  
From one to t'other moment's end ?  
HONOUR, WIT, GENIUS, WEALTH, and GLORY,  
*Good lack ! good lack !* are transitory,  
Nothing is sure and stable found,  
The very *Earth* itself turns round.  
*Monarchs*, nay MINISTERS must die,  
Must rot, must stink—*Ah, me ! ah, why !*  
*Cities* themselves in Time decay,  
If *Cities* thus — *Ah, well-a-day !*  
If *Brick* and *Mortar* have an end,  
On what can *Flesh* and *Blood* depend ?  
*Ah woeful me ! Ah woeful Man !*  
*Ah, woeful All, do All we can.*



ENGLAND (for that's at last the Scene,  
 Tho' Worlds on Worlds should rise between,  
 Whither we must our course pursue)

ENGLAND should call into review  
 Times long since past indeed, but not  
 By ENGLISHMEN to be forgot,  
 Tho' ENGLAND, *once* so dear to Fame,  
 Sinks in GREAT BRITAIN'S *dearer* name.

HERE could we mention *Chiefs of old*,  
 In plain and rugged honour bold,  
 To Virtue kind, to Vice severe,  
 Strangers to Bribery and Fear,  
 Who kept no wretched *Clans* in awe,  
 Who never broke, or *warp'd* the Law,  
*Patriots*, whom in her *better* days  
*Old Rome* might have been proud to raise,  
 Who, steady to their Country's claim,  
 Boldly stood up in *Freedom's* name,  
 E'en to the teeth of *Tyrant Pride*,  
 And, when they could no more, THEY DIED.

THERE (*striking contrast*) might we place  
 A servile, mean, degen'rate race,



*Hirelings*, who valued nought but gold,  
 By the best Bidder bought and sold,  
 Truants from Honour's sacred Laws,  
 Betrayers of their Country's cause,  
 The Dupes of Party, Tools of Pow'r,  
 Slaves to the *Minion of an Hour*,  
 Lacquies, who watch'd a *Favorite's* nod,  
 And took a *Puppet* for their *God*.

SINCERE and honest in our Rimes  
 How might we praise these *happier* times !  
 How might the Muse exalt her lays,  
 And wanton in a Monarch's praise,  
 Tell of a Prince in ENGLAND born,  
 Whose Virtues ENGLAND'S crown adorn,  
 In Youth a pattern unto age,  
 So chaste, so Pious, and so Sage,  
 Who, true to all those sacred bands  
 Which private happiness demands,  
 Yet never let's them rise above  
 The stronger ties of Public Love.

WITH conscious Pride see ENGLAND stand,  
 Our *holy Charter* in her hand,



She waves it round, and o'er the Isle  
See *Liberty* and *Courage* smile.  
No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd  
In *Subsidies* to all the world,  
No more by foreign threats dismay'd,  
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,  
She deals out Sums to *petty* States,  
Whom *Honour* scorns, and *Reason* hates,  
But, wiser by Experience grown,  
Finds safety in herself alone.

WHILST thus, she cries, my children stand,  
An honest, valiant, *native* band,  
A train'd MILITIA, brave and free,  
True to their KING, and true to ME,  
No *foreign* Hirelings shall be known,  
Nor need we Hirelings of *our own*.  
Under a just and pious reign  
The Statesman's sophistry is vain,  
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,  
These are my *natural* defence,  
Their Faith I know, and they shall prove,  
The Bulwark of the KING they Love.



THESE, and a thousand things beside,  
Did we consult a Poet's Pride,  
Some gay, some serious, might be said,  
But ten to one they'd not be read,  
Or were they by some curious few  
Not even those would think them true.  
For, from the time that JUBAL first  
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,  
*Poets* have always been suspected  
Of having Truth in Rhime neglected,  
That *Bard* except, who, from his Youth  
Equally fam'd for *Faith* and *Truth*,  
By Prudence taught in *courtly chime*,  
To *Courtly ears* brought *Truth in Rhime*.

BUT tho' to Poets we allow,  
No matter when acquir'd or how,  
From Truth unbounded deviation,  
Which custom calls *Imagination*,  
Yet can't they be suppos'd to lie  
One half so fast as FAME can fly.  
Therefore (to solve this *Gordian knot*,  
A point we almost had forgot)



To courteous Readers be it known  
 That fond of verse and falshood grown,  
 Whilst we in sweet digression sung,  
 FAME check'd her flight, and held her tongue,  
 And now pursues with double force,  
 And double speed her destin'd course,  
 Nor stops, 'till She the place arrives  
 Where GENIUS starves, and DULLNESS thrives,  
 Where Riches Virtue are esteem'd,  
 And Craft is truest Wisdom deem'd,  
 Where COMMERCE proudly rears her throne  
 In state to other Lands unknown,  
 Where to be cheated and to cheat  
 Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet,  
 Where CHRISTIANS, JEWS, and TURKS shake hands,  
 United in *Commercial* bands,  
 All of one *Faith*, and that to own  
 No GOD but INTEREST alone.

WHEN Gods and Goddeses come down  
 To look about them here in Town,  
 (For Change of Air is understood,  
 By Sons of Physic, to be good,



In due proportions now and then  
 For these same Gods as well as Men)  
 By Custom rul'd, and not a Poet  
 So very dull, but he must know it,  
 In order to remain *incog*,  
 They always travel in a fog.  
 For if we Majesty expose  
 To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows,  
 The force is lost, and free from awe,  
 We spy and censure ev'ry flaw.  
 But well preserv'd from public view,  
 It always breaks forth fresh and new,  
 Fierce as the Sun in all his pride  
 It shines, and not a spot's descried.

WAS Jove to lay his thunder by,  
 And with his brethren of the sky  
 Descend to earth, and frisk about,  
 Like chatt'ring N \* \* \*, from rout to rout,  
 He would be found with all his host,  
 A nine days Wonder at the most.  
 Would we in trim our Honours wear,  
 We must preserve them from the air;  
 What is familiar, Men neglect,  
 However worthy of respect.

Y



Did they not find a certain friend  
In *Novelty* to recommend,  
(Such we-by sad experience find  
The wretched folly of mankind)  
VENUS might unattractive shine,  
And H \* \* \* fix no eyes but *mine*.

BUT FAME, who never car'd a jot  
Whether she was admir'd or not,  
And never blush'd to shew her face  
At any time in any place,  
In her own shape, without disguise,  
And visible to mortal eyes,  
On CHANGE, exact at seven o'clock,  
Alighted on the *Weather-Cock*,  
Which, planted there time out of mind  
To note the changes of the wind,  
Might no improper emblem be  
Of her own mutability.

THRICE did *She* found her TRUMP (the same  
Which from the first belong'd to FAME,  
An *old ill-favour'd* Instrument  
With which the Goddess was content,



Tho' under a *politer* race  
*Bag-pipes* might well supply its place)  
And thrice, awaken'd by the sound,  
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,  
CONFUSION thro' the City past,  
And FEAR bestrode the dreadful blast.

THOSE *fragrant Currents*, which we meet  
Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,  
Affrighted from the usual course  
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their source ;  
*Statues* wept tears of blood, as fast  
As when a CÆSAR breath'd his last ;  
Horses, which always us'd to go,  
A foot-pace in my *Lord-Mayor's Shew*,  
*Impetuous* from their Stable broke,  
And ALDERMEN, and OXEN spoke.

HALLS felt the force, *Tow'rs* shook around,  
And *Steeple*s nodded to the ground,  
ST. PAUL himself (strange sight) was seen  
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.  
The *Mansion-House*, for ever plac'd  
A Monument of *City Taste*,



Trembl'd, and seem'd aloud to groan  
Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.

To still the sound, or stop her ears,  
Remove the cause or sense of fears,  
PHYSIC, in *College* seated high,  
Would any thing but *Med'cine* try.  
No more in PEWT'ER'S-HALL was heard  
The proper force of ev'ry word,  
Those seats were desolate become,  
And hapless ELOCUTION dumb.  
FORM, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,  
By strict *Decorum* ever led,  
Who threescore years had known the grace  
Of *one, dull, stiff, unvaried* pace;  
TERROR prevailing over PRIDE,  
Was seen to take a larger stride;  
Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,  
See AV'RICE closer hug his bags;  
With her own weight unwieldy grown,  
See CREDIT totter on her Throne;  
VIRTUE alone, had She been there,  
The mighty sound unmov'd could bear.



UP from the gorgeous bed, where Fate  
Dooms annual Fools to sleep in state,  
To sleep so sound that not one gleam  
Of Fancy can provoke a dream,  
Great DULLMAN started at the sound,  
Gap'd, rub'd his eyes, and star'd around.  
Much did he wish to know, much fear  
Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear,  
So much unlike those peaceful notes,  
That equal harmony which floats  
On the dull wing of City air,  
Grave prelude to a feast or fair;  
Much did he inly ruminate  
Concerning the decrees of Fate,  
Revolving, tho' to little end,  
What this same trumpet might portend.

COULD the FRENCH—no—that could not be  
Under BUTE's *active* ministry,  
*Too watchful* to be so deceiv'd,  
Have stolen hither unperceiv'd,  
To NEWFOUNDLAND indeed we know,  
Fleets of war unobserv'd may go,

Z



Or, if observ'd, may be supposed,  
 At intervals when Reason do'st  
 No other point in view to bear  
 But Pleasure, Health, and Change of Air;  
 But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound  
 To let an enemy be found  
 In our Land's heart, e're it was known  
 They had departed from their own.

OR could his *Succeffor* (Ambition  
 Is ever haunted with fuspicion)  
 His daring *Succeffor elect*  
 All Customs, rules, and forms reject,  
 And aim, regardless of the crime,  
 To feize the chair before his time;

OR (deeming this the lucky hour,  
 Seeing his *Countrymen* in pow'r,  
 Those *Countrymen*, who from the first  
 In tumults and *Rebellion* nurs'd,  
 Howe'er they wear the mask of art,  
 Still love a STUART in their heart)  
 Could SCOTTISH CHARLES — *Conjecture thus*,  
 That mental IGNIS FATUUS,



Led his poor brains a weary dance  
 From FRANCE to ENGLAND, hence to FRANCE,  
 Till INFORMATION, (in the shape  
 Of Chaplain learned, good SIR GRAPE,  
 A lazy, lounging, pamper'd Priest,  
 Well known at ev'ry City feast,  
 For he was seen much oft'ner there  
 Than in the House of God at Pray'r;  
 Who, always ready in his place,  
 Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,  
 Tho', as the best Historians write,  
 Less fam'd for Faith than Appetite,  
 His disposition to reveal,  
 The Grace was short, and long the meal;  
 Who always would excess admit,  
 If *Haunch* or *Turtle* came with it,  
 And ne'er engag'd in the defence  
 Of self-denying Abstinence,  
 When he could fortunately meet  
 With any thing he lik'd to eat;  
 Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,  
 Was made to cheer the heart of Man,  
 Knew too, by long experience taught,  
 That Chearfulness was kill'd by thought,



And, from those premisses collected,  
(Which few perhaps would have suspected)  
That none, who with due share of sense  
Observ'd the ways of Providence,  
Could with safe Conscience leave off drinking,  
Till they had lost the pow'r of thinking)  
With eyes half-clos'd came *waddling* in,  
And, having strok'd his double *chin*,  
(That *Chin*, whose credit to maintain  
Against the Scoffs of the profane  
Had cost him more, than ever State  
Paid for a *poor Electorate*,  
Which, after all the cost and rout,  
It had been better much without)  
Briefly (for *Breakfast*, you must know,  
Was waiting all the while below)  
Related, bowing to the ground,  
The cause of that uncommon sound,  
Related too, that at the door  
POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and M—E,  
Begg'd that FAME might not be allow'd,  
Their shame to publish to the croud,  
That some new laws he would provide,  
(If Old could not be misapplied



With as much ease and safety there,  
 As they are misapplied *elsewhere*)  
 By which it might be construed treason  
 In Man to exercise his reason ;  
 Which might ingeniously devise  
 One punishment for Truth and Lies,  
 And fairly prove, when they had done,  
 That Truth and Falshood were but one ;  
 Which JURIES must indeed retain,  
 But their effect should render vain,  
 Making all real pow'r to rest  
 In one corrupted rotten breast,  
 By whose false gloss the very BIBLE  
 Might be interpreted a *Libel*.

M \* \* \*, (who, his Reverence to save,  
 Pled the Fool to screen the Knave,  
 Tho' all, who witnessed on his part,  
 Swore for his *head* against his *heart*.)  
 Had taken down from first to last  
 A just account of all that past ;  
 But, since the gracious will of *Fate*,  
 Who mark'd the Child for wealth and state

A a



E'en in his Cradle, had decreed  
 The *mighty* DULLMAN ne'er should read,  
 That office of *disgrace* to bear.  
 The *smooth-lip'd* PLAUSIBLE was there,  
 From H\*\*\*\*\* e'en to CLERKENWELL,  
 Who knows not *smooth-lip'd* PLAUSIBLE,  
 A Preacher deem'd of greatest note,  
 For Preaching that which others wrote.

HAD DULLMAN now (and Fools we see  
 Seldom want Curiosity)  
 Consented (but the *mourning shade*  
 Of GASCOIGNE hast'ned to his aid,  
 And in his hand, what could he more,  
 Triumphant CANNING'S Picture bore)  
 That *our three Heroes* should advance  
 And read their *Comical Romance*,  
 How rich a feast, what royal fare  
 We for our Readers might prepare!  
 So rich, and yet so safe a feast,  
 That no *one foreign blatant beast*,  
 Within the purlicus of the *Law*,  
 Should dare thereon to lay his paw.



And, *growling*, cry with *furly* tone,  
Keep off——*this feast is all my own.*

BENDING to earth the downcast eye,  
Or planting it against the sky,  
As *One* immers'd in deepest Thought,  
Or with some holy Vision caught,  
His Hands, to aid the traitor's art,  
Devoutly folded o'er his heart,  
*Here M\*\*\*\**, in fraud well skill'd, should go  
*All Saint*, with solemn step and flow.  
O that RELIGION's sacred name,  
Meant to inspire the purest flame,  
A Prostitute should ever be  
To that *Arch-fiend* HYPOCRISY,  
Where we find ev'ry other vice  
Crown'd with *damn'd sneaking Cowardice*;  
*Bold Sin* reclaim'd is often seen;  
*Past hope that Man, who dares be mean.*

THERE, full of *flesh*, and full of *Grace*,  
With that *fine round unmeaning face*,  
Which NATURE gives to *foes of earth*,  
Whom she designs for ease and mirth,



Should the *prim* PLAUSIBLE be seen;  
 Observe his stiff affected mein,  
 'Gainst NATURE arm'd by GRAVITY  
 His features too in buckle see,  
 See, with what Sanctity he reads,  
 With what Devotion tells his beads!  
 Now Prophet, shew me by thine art  
 What's the Religion of his heart:  
 Shew *there*, if Truth thou can'st unfold,  
 Religion center'd all in Gold,  
 Shew *Him*, nor fear Correction's rod,  
 As false to *Friendship*, as to GOD.

HORRID, *unweildy*, without *Form*,  
 Savage, as OCEAN in a Storm,  
 Of *size prodigious*, in the rear,  
 That *Post of Honour*, should appear  
 POMPOSO; *Fame* around should tell  
 How he a slave to int'rest fell,  
 How, for *Integrity* renown'd,  
 Which Booksellers have often found,  
 He for *Subscribers* baits his hook,  
 And takes their cash—but where's the Book?



No matter where—*Wise* Fear, we know,  
Forbids the robbing of a Foe,  
But what, to serve our private ends  
Forbids the cheating of our Friends?  
No Man alive, who would not swear  
All's *safe*, and therefore *honest* there.  
For, spite of all the learned say,  
If we to Truth attention pay,  
The word *Dishonesty* is meant  
For nothing else but *Punishment*.  
*Fame* too should tell, nor heed the threat  
Of Rogues, who Brother Rogues abet,  
Nor tremble at the terrors hung  
Aloft, *to make her hold her tongue*,  
How, to all Principles untrue,  
Nor fix'd to *old* Friends, nor to *New*,  
He damns the *Pension* which he takes,  
And loves the STUART he forsakes.  
NATURE (who justly regular  
Is very seldom known to err,  
But now and then in *sportive mood*,  
As some *rude* wits have understood,  
Or *through much work requir'd in haste*,  
Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)

B b



Pomposo form'd on doubtful plan,  
 Not quite a *Beast*, nor quite a *Man*,  
 Like — *God knows what* — for never yet  
 Could the most subtle human Wit,  
 Find out a Monster, which might be  
 The Shadow of a *Simile*.

THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY THREE,  
 Nor can the *Poet's* Truth agree,  
 Howe'er Report hath done him wrong,  
 And warp'd the purpose of his song,  
 Amongst the refuse of their race,  
 The Sons of Infamy, to place  
 That open, gen'rous, manly mind,  
 Which we with joy in ALDRICH find.  
 THESE THREE, who now are faintly shewn,  
 Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,  
 If DULLMAN their Request had heard,  
 In stronger Colours had appear'd,  
 And Friends, tho' partial, at first view,  
 Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

BUT had their Journal been display'd,  
 And the whole process open laid,



What a vast, unexhausted field  
 For Mirth, must such a Journal yield;  
 In her own anger strongly charm'd,  
 'Gainst Hope, 'gainst Fear by Conscience arm'd,  
 Then had bold SATIRE made her way,  
*Knights, Lords, and Dukes* her destin'd prey.

BUT PRUDENCE, ever sacred name  
 To those who feel not VIRTUE's flame,  
 Or only feel it at the best  
 As the dull dupe of *Interest*,  
 Whisper'd aloud (for this we find  
 A Custom current with Mankind,  
 So loud to Whisper, that each word  
 May all around be plainly heard,  
 And Prudence sure would never miss  
 A Custom so contriv'd as this  
 Her Candour to secure, yet aim  
 Sure Death against another's fame)  
*Knights, Lords, and Dukes* —— mad wretch, forbear,  
 Dangers unthought of ambush there;  
 Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,  
 Laugh at *small Fools*, and lash *small Knaves*.



But never, *helpless, mean, and poor,*  
Rush on, where Laws cannot secure,  
Nor think thyself, mistaken Youth,  
Secure in Principles of *Truth*.  
*Truth!* why, shall ev'ry wretch of Letters  
Dare to speak *Truth* against his *Betters?*  
Let *ragged* VIRTUE stand aloof,  
Nor mutter accents of reproof;  
Let *ragged* WIT a Mute become,  
When Wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb.  
For who the Devil doth not know,  
That Titles and Estates bestow  
An ample stock, where're they fall,  
Of Graces which we mental call.  
Beggars in ev'ry age and nation,  
Are Rogues and Fools by Situation,  
The Rich and Great are understood,  
To be of Course both wise and good.  
Consult then Int'rest more than Pride,  
Discreetly take the stronger side,  
Desert in Time the simple few,  
Who *Virtue's* barren path pursue,  
Adopt my maxims——follow Me——  
To BAAL bow the prudent knee;



Deny thy God, betray thy Friend,  
At BAAL's altars hourly bend,  
So shalt Thou rich and great be seen ;  
To be Great *now*, You must be mean.

HENCE, *Tempter*, to some weaker Soul,  
Which Fear and Interest controul,  
Vainly thy precepts are address'd  
Where VIRTUE steels the steady breast.  
Through Meanness wade to boasted pow'r,  
Through Guilt repeated ev'ry hour,  
What is thy Gain, when all is done,  
What mighty Laurels hast Thou won ?  
Dull Crouds, to whom the heart's unknown,  
Praise Thee for Virtues not thine own ;  
But will, at once Man's scourge and friend,  
*Impartial* CONSCIENCE too commend ?  
From her reproaches can'st Thou fly ?  
Can'st Thou with worlds her silence buy ?  
Believe it not—her stings shall find  
A Passage to thy *Coward* Mind,  
There shall she fix her sharpest dart,  
There shew Thee truly, *as Thou art*.

C c



*Unknown to those, by whom Thou'rt priz'd ;  
Known to Thyself, to be despis'd.*

THE Man, who weds the sacred *MUSE*,  
Disdains all mercenary views,  
And He, who *VIRTUE*'s throne would rear,  
Laughs at the Phantoms rais'd by Fear.  
Tho' *Folly*, rob'd in Purple, shines,  
Tho' *Vice* exhausts *Peruvian* mines,  
Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,  
When *SATIRE* wields her mighty Flail ;  
Or should They, of rebuke afraid,  
With M \* \* \* \* seek Hell's deepest shade,  
*SATIRE*, still mindful of her aim,  
Shall bring the Cowards back to Shame.

HATED by many, lov'd by few,  
Above each little private view,  
Honest, tho' poor, and who shall dare  
To disappoint my boasting there ?  
Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,  
The dictates of my heart to speak,  
Willing I bend at *SATIRE*'s Throne ;  
What Pow'r I have, be all her own.



NOR shall yon *Lawyer's* specious art,  
 Conscious of a corrupted heart,  
 Create imaginary Fear  
 To damp us in our bold Career.  
 Why should we Fear, and what? the Laws?  
 They all are arm'd in VIRTUE's cause.  
 And, aiming at the self-same end,  
 SATIRE is always VIRTUE's Friend.  
 Nor shall that Muse, whose honest rage,  
 In a corrupt degen'rate age,  
 (When, dead to ev'ry nicer sense,  
 Deep sunk in Vice and Indolence,  
 The Spirit of old ROME was broke  
 Beneath the *Tyrant Fidler's* yoke)  
 Banish'd the Rose from NERO's cheek;  
 Under a BRUNSWICK fear to speak.

DRAWN by *Conceit* from REASON's plan,  
 How vain is that *poor Creature*, MAN!  
 How pleas'd is ev'ry paultry elf  
 To prate about that thing himself!  
 After my Promise made in Rhime,  
 And meant in earnest at that time,



To jog, according to the Mode,  
In one dull pace, in one dull road,  
What but that Curse of Heart and Head  
To this *digression* could have led,  
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,  
And can't stay in, nor well get out.

COULD I, whilst *Humor* held the Quill,  
Could I *digress* with half that skill,  
Could I with half that skill return,  
Which we so much admire in STERNE,  
Where each *Digression*, seeming vain,  
And only fit to entertain,  
Is found on better recollection,  
To have a just and nice Connection,  
To help the whole with wond'rous art,  
Whence it seems idly to depart,  
Then should our Readers ne'er accuse  
These wild excursions of the Muse,  
Ne'er backward turn dull Pages o'er  
To recollect what went before;  
Deeply impress'd, and ever new  
Each Image past should start to view,



And We to DULLMAN now come in,  
As if we ne'er had absent been.

HAVE you not seen, when danger's near,  
The coward cheek turn *white* with fear ?  
Have you not seen, when danger's fled,  
The self-same cheek with joy turn *red* ?  
These are *low* symptoms which we find  
Fit only for a vulgar mind,  
Where honest features, void of art,  
Betray the feelings of the heart ;  
Our DULLMAN with a face was blest'd  
Where no one passion was express'd,  
His eye, in a *fine stupor* caught,  
ImPLY'd a plenteous lack of thought,  
Nor was one line that whole face seen in,  
Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.

To AVARICE by *birth* ally'd,  
Debauch'd by *Marriage* into *Pride*,  
In age grown fond of youthful sports,  
Of Poms, of Vanities, and Courts,  
And by success too mighty made,  
To love his Country, or his Trade,

D d



Stiff in opinion, (no rare case was nam'd of off'enders  
 With Blockheads in, or out of Place).  
 Too weak, and insolent of Soul,  
 To suffer Reason's just controul,  
 But bending of his own accord  
 To that *trim transient toy*, MY LORD,  
 The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,  
 Whom God in *wrath* contriv'd to place,  
 To scourge our crimes, and gall our pride,  
 A constant thorn in ENGLAND's side;  
 Whom first, our greatness to oppose,  
 He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes*,  
 Then, more to serve his *wrathful ends*,  
 And *more to curse us*, mark'd for *Friends*)  
 Deep in the state, if we give credit  
 To *Him*, for no one else e're said it,  
 Sworn friend of great Ones: not a few,  
 Tho' he their Titles only knew,  
 And those (which envious of his breeding  
*Book-worms* have charg'd to want of reading)  
 Merely to shew himself polite  
 He never would pronounce aright;  
 An *Orator* with whom a host  
 Of those which ROME and ATHENS boast



In all their Pride might not contend,  
 Who, with no Pow'rs to recommend,  
 Whilst JACKY HUME, and BILLY WHITEHEAD,  
 And DICKY GLOVER sat delighted,  
 Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,  
 Just as those *able Verse-men* write.  
 Great DULLMAN from his bed arose—  
 Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—  
 Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—  
 And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—  
 Then Silence broke—CRAPE, who am I?  
 CRAPE bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply,  
 Am I not, CRAPE? I am, you know,  
 Above all those who are below?  
 Have I not knowledge?—and for *Wit*,  
 Money will always purchase it,  
 Nor, if it needful should be found,  
 Will I grudge ten, or twenty Pound,  
 For which the whole stock may be bought  
 Of *scoundrel wits* not worth a Groat.  
 But least I should proceed too far,  
 I'll feel my Friend the Minister,  
 (Great Men, CRAPE, must not be neglected)  
 How he in this point is affected,



For, as I stand a magistrate  
To serve him first, and next the State,  
Perhaps He may not think it fit  
To let *his* magistrates have wit.

BOAST I not, at this very hour,  
Those large effects which troop with pow'r?  
Am I not mighty in the land?  
Do not I sit, whilst others stand?  
Am I not, with rich garments grac'd,  
In seat of honour always plac'd,  
And do not *Cits* of chief degree,  
Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

HAVE I not, as a JUSTICE ought,  
The laws such wholesome rigor taught,  
That *Fornication* in disgrace  
Is now afraid to shew her face,  
And not one Whore these walls approaches  
Unless They ride in our own coaches?  
And shall *this* FAME, an *old poor* Strumpet,  
Without our Licence sound her Trumpet,  
And, envious of our City's quiet,  
In broad Day-light blow up a Riot,



If insolence like this we bear;  
 Where is our State? our office where?  
*Farewell* all honours of our reign,  
*Farewell* the Neck-enobling CHAIN,  
 Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,  
*Farewell* the solemn-spreading ROBE,  
*Farewell* the SWORD,—farewell the MACE,  
*Farewell* all TITLE, POMP, and PLACE.  
 Remov'd from Men of high degree,  
 (A loss to *them*, CRAPE, not to *Me*)  
 Banish'd to CHIPPENHAM, or to FROME,  
 DULLMAN once more shall ply the Loom.

CRAPE, lifting up his hands and eyes,  
 DULLMAN—the *Loom*—at CHIPPENHAM—cries,  
 If there be Pow'rs which greatness love,  
 Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,  
 Those Pow'rs united all shall join  
 To contradict the rash design.

SOONER shall stubborn WILL lay down:  
 His opposition with his *Gown*,  
 Sooner shall TEMPLE leave the road  
 Which leads to VIRTUE'S *mean* abode,

E e



Sooner shall SCOTS this Country quit,  
 And ENGLAND'S Foes be Friends to PERU,  
 Than DULLMAN, from his grandeur thrown,  
 Shall wander out-cast, and unknown.

SURE as that *Cane* (a *Cane* there stood  
 Near to a *Table*, made of *Wood*,  
 Of *dry fine* Wood a *Table* made,  
 By some rare artist in the trade,  
 Who had enjoy'd immortal praise  
 If he had liv'd in HOMER'S days.)  
 Sure as that *Cane*, which once was seen  
 In pride of life all fresh and green,  
 The banks of INDUS to adorn;  
 Then, of its leafy honours shorn,  
 According to exactest rule,  
 Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,  
 And which at present we behold  
 Curiously polish'd, crown'd with gold,  
 With gold *well-wrought*, sure as that *Cane*  
 Shall never on its native plain  
 Strike root afresh, shall never more  
 Flourish on Tawny INDIA'S shore,  
 So sure shall DULLMAN and his race  
 To latest times this station grace.



DULLMAN, who all this while had kept  
His eye-lids clos'd as if He slept,  
Now, looking stedfastly on CRAPE,  
As at some God in human shape—  
CRAPE, I protest, you seem to me  
To have discharg'd a Prophecy,  
*Yes*—from the first it doth appear,  
Planted by FATE, the DULLMANS *here*  
Have always held a quiet reign,  
And *here* shall to the last remain.

CRAPE, they're all wrong about this *Ghost*—  
Quite on the wrong side of the Post—  
*Blockheads*, to take *it* in their head  
To be a message from the dead,  
For that by *Mission* they design,  
A word not half so good as mine.  
CRAPE—*here* it is—start not one doubt—  
A *Plot*—a *Plot*—I've found it out.

O GOD!—cries CRAPE,—how blest the nation  
Where one Son boasts such penetration.



CRAPE, I've not time to tell you how only *when*  
*When* I discover'd this, or *how*; all that I can do  
 To STENTOR go—if he's not there, his place let *Bully* NORTON bear—  
 Our Citizens to Council call—  
 Let *All* meet—'tis the cause of *All*.  
 Let the three Witnesses attend  
 With *Allegations* to befriend,  
 To swear just so much and no more,  
 As We instruct them in before.

STAY—CRAPE—come back—what, don't you see  
 Th' effects of this discovery?  
 DULLMAN all care and toil endures—  
 The Profit, CRAPE, will all be *Yours*.  
 A *Mitre*, (for, this arduous task  
 Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)—  
 A *Mitre* (and perhaps the best)—  
 Shall thro' my Interest make thee blest.  
 And at this time, when *gracious* FATE  
 Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of State,  
 Who is more fit (and for your use  
 We could some instances produce)



Of ENGLAND'S *Church* to be the *Head*  
Than You, a *Presbyterian* bred.

But when thus mighty you are made,  
Unlike the Brethren of thy trade,  
Be grateful, CRAPE, and let Me not,  
Like *Old NEWCASTLE*, be forgot.

BUT an Affair, CRAPE, of this fize  
Will ask from Conduct vast supplies ;  
It must not, as the Vulgar say,  
Be done in *Hugger Mugger* way.  
Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)  
Who hatch the Plot, in private meet ;  
They should in Public go, no doubt,  
Whose business is to find it out.

TO-MORROW—if the day appear  
Likely to turn out fair and clear —  
Proclaim a *Grand Processionade* —  
Be all the City Pomp display'd,  
Let the *Train-bands* — CRAPE shook his head —  
They heard the Trumpet, and were fled —  
Well—cries the Knight—if that's the case,  
*My Servants* shall supply their place —

F f



My Servants—*mine alone*—no more  
 Than what *my* Servants did before—  
 Dost not remember, CRAPE, that day,  
 When, DULLMAN's grandeur to display,  
 As all too simple, and too low,  
 Our City Friends were thrust below,  
 Whilst, as more worthy of our Love,  
 Courtiers were entertain'd above?  
 Tell me, who waited then? and how?  
 My Servants—*mine*—and why not now?  
 In haste then, CRAPE, to STENTOR go—  
 But send up HART who waits below,  
 With him, 'till You return again.  
 (Reach me my *Spectacles* and *Cane*)  
 I'll make a proof how I advance in  
 My new accomplishment of *dancing*.

Not quite so fast as Lightning flies,  
 Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the skies;  
 Not quite so fast as, sent by Jove,  
 IRIS descends on wings of Love;  
 Not quite so fast as TERROR rides  
 When He the chafing winds bestrides;



## THE GHOST.

III

CRAPE Hobbled—but his mind was good—  
Cou'd he go faster than He cou'd?

NEAR to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,  
The mighty JULIUS rais'd of old,  
Where, to the Block by Justice led,  
The *Rebel* SCOT hath often bled,  
Where Arms are kept so clean, so bright,  
'Twere Sin they should be soil'd in fight,  
Where Brutes of *foreign* race are shewn  
By Brutes much greater of *our own*,  
Fast by the crouded *Thames*, is found  
An ample square of sacred ground,  
Where artless *Eloquence* presides,  
And *Nature* ev'ry sentence guides.

HERE *Female Parliaments* debate  
About Religion, Trade, and State,  
Here ev'ry NAIAD's Patriot soul,  
Disdaining *Foreign* base controul,  
Despising *French*, despising *Erse*,  
Pours forth the *plain Old English* Curse,  
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,  
The Honours of the *Vulgar Tongue*.



HERE, STENTOR, always heard with awe,  
 In thund'ring accents deals out Law.  
 Twelve Furlongs off each dreadful word  
 Was plainly and distinctly heard,  
 And ev'ry neighbour hill around  
 Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.  
 The loudest Virgin of the stream  
 Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem;  
 THAMES (who, enrag'd to find his course,  
 Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,  
 Against the Bridge indignant roars,  
 And lashes the resounding shores)  
 Compar'd with *him*, at lowest Tide  
 In softest whispers seem to glide.

HITHER directed by the noise,  
 Swell'd with the hope of future joys,  
 Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,  
 The *Rev'rend* slave of DULLMAN came.

STENTOR—with such a serious air,  
 With such a face of *solemn* care,  
 As might import him to contain  
 A Nation's welfare in his brain—



## THE GHOST.

113

STENTOR—cries CRAPE—I'm hither sent  
On business of most high intent,  
Great DULLMAN's orders to convey ;  
DULLMAN commands, and I obey.  
Big with those throes which Patriots feel,  
And lab'ring for the common weal,  
Some secret, which forbids him rest,  
*Tumbles* and *Tosses* in his breast,  
*Tumbles* and *Tosses* to get free ;  
And thus the Chief commands by Me :

To-MORROW—if the Day appear  
Likely to turn out fair and clear—  
Proclaim a *Grand Processionade*—  
Be all the City Pomp display'd—  
Our Citizens to Council call—  
Let *All* meet—'tis the Cause of *All*.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



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